



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

A Story of American Life.

CHAPTER V.

'And what is friendship but a name!
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!'—GOLDSMITH.

It is a pure deathless principle. A flower transplanted from Heaven to enrich this desert world.

'Was it an accursed dream?
Or was it the unchanging certainty of stern reality?'

A year had passed, a year with all its changes, its hopes, fears, and anxieties. The sun was near the western horizon, and was shedding a rich and mellow glory on the motley city of New Orleans. His enlivening rays were thrown impartially on the splendid mansion of luxurious wealth, and the wretched abode of squalid and untold poverty. They penetrated the munificent and glittering apartment, and they entered the lowliest hut. They stole into the gambling room, where the wretched victim was watching with feverish excitement his last stake, and human demons were triumphing in his certain ruin—and they gladdened the pale brow of the weeping penitent who was kneeling before his offended Creator. They fell on the dark hearse and the long funeral procession—and they glittered on the altar where youth and beauty had knelt to breathe the marriage vows. They looked on vice in its blackest colors, and they witnessed the strongest efforts of human virtue. A few of these rays had even struggled through the grated windows of the prisoner's cell, and were kissing the pale and sickly brow of him whom poverty or crime had confined there. But down, down, into the low polluted dungeon, where a human being lay gasping for the wretched breath that prolonged a miserable existence, not one of those blessed rays, not one breath of fresh air, was permitted to creep. The victim who lay there, in untended misery, was writhing under the influence of a burning fever, and inhaling death with every breath

of that damp and noxious vapor. No tender mother was near; no devoted sister smoothed the uneasy pillow. But worn out, exhausted by bodily and mental anguish—he slept. It was the first slumber he had known for many days; and even this was more like the stupor of coming death, than 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' One hand was beneath his head, the other pressed convulsively his fevered brow. Reader, that scorned, neglected, unpitied wretch, was James Beauchamp. All his wild young dreams—his aspirations after fame, were at last ended, they had found an unhallowed grave in that low dungeon. Disgrace, foul disgrace, had settled in a dark cloud over his once fair name—had fallen like blight and mildew on his heart—had cankered the very springs of his existence. There he lay, (like the despised wreck of a once noble vessel,) a helpless, hopeless, abandoned object!

The bolts of his prison were drawn, the creaking door turned on its hinges, a human being was admitted, by the inhuman keeper of the prison, and the door was again secured. Yet so deep was the unnatural repose into which the prisoner had fallen, that he did not awake. The hand which had been pressed violently on his forehead, fell gently by his side, and one deep, long sigh, heaved his bosom, as the young stranger knelt down by his low couch, and gazed (by the light of a feeble lamp,) on his ghastly countenance. Fearful, fearful indeed, was the wreck, made by the events of three short weeks, on the noble form and proud beauty of his young friend! The kneeler bent, and placed his quivering lips on the scorching brow, and tears, the honest tribute of a generous heart, fell like rain, and bathed the sunken cheeks. The sleeper writhed on his bed, without awakening, and murmured—'My God—O, my God, must I endure longer?' and then, as the heavy chains clanked fearfully, he continued, 'and Gilbert—he too, has abandoned me—but I will not curse him. No, it is not for me to breathe curses! Let him go and herd with the cold and heartless. But were he dying on this bunch of wretched

straw, should I dance, and laugh, and hang on beauty's smile, and leave him to his fate?' and the sleeper seemed convulsed with uncontrollable agony.

'My friend,' whispered Gilbert, for it was he who knelt there, 'my dear Beauchamp, you wrong me! indeed! indeed, you wrong me deeply!'

The prisoner started suddenly up, and after a wild, spectre-like gaze, which curdled the blood in Gilbert's veins, he extended his skeleton hand, and exclaimed, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, 'yes, I have wronged you, I called you cold, calculating and selfish—did I not? but do not mind it, for indeed my brain is on fire—and I know not what I say.' And then observing his friend's tears, he said, 'ah, you can weep—I would give worlds to shed one tear; but my thoughts are fire, which drink up at once the source of tears and existence. But this is vain idle talk,' he continued, in a subdued tone. 'Reason is deserting me; before the last remnant of her light departs, I would speak of one, for whose sake alone I have wished to see you. My own case is hopeless. I must die; and death will be a refuge from the blighting influence of suspicion.'

'I know what you would say,' exclaimed Gilbert, as his friend paused and gazed around with a vacant stare, I will promise all you wish; but I trust, my dear friend, you will yet live to be her protector—that your innocence (for I cannot for a moment harbor one suspicion against you,) will be cleared of every shadow of doubt.'

But his words fell on the ear of one who heeded them not. Beauchamp had sunk back on the floor, and was raving deliriously and incoherently.

In another part of the city, a very young and beautiful girl sat gazing from the window of a magnificent apartment, on the smooth waves of the noble Mississippi. But her soul was not in the gaze. There was deep, and passionate, and bitter thought concealed in that young bosom. No, not concealed, it was all mirrored in her expressive countenance. She turned from her long silent gaze, and

taking up a paper which lay on the sofa by her side, read the following short passage :

'The trial of James Beauchamp, who was arrested and imprisoned several weeks ago, for the murder of George Pennfield, Esq. will come on next week.'

'O God!' exclaimed the agitated girl, as she threw down the paper, 'O thou beneficent and holy Being, save him! there is none on earth to plead his cause; but O, thou wilt not permit him to be sacrificed, because he is poor and friendless! Thou art the stranger's friend, and will not forsake him, as earthly friends have done. Thou knowest—he is innocent—she would have added, but paused with solemn awe. The rich color faded from her cheek—the tears gathered slowly in her haughty eyes—her lips quivered, and she burst into a long and passionate flood of tears.

'What is the matter again?' said an elegantly dressed and magnificently beautiful young lady, who entered the apartment just as the young girl had dried up her tears, 'you are looking the very personification of despair! Come, Maria, will you not trust me?' and she put back the disarranged hair from the girl's forehead, and kissed it.

Maria looked earnestly in her face a moment, as if she would have read her whole heart, and then exclaimed, 'Yes I will trust you—though it is useless and perhaps foolish, to tell my unavailing regrets. You have been in the city but a few days—but perhaps you have heard of the arrest and imprisonment of James Beauchamp, on suspicion of murder. He is innocent, I know he is innocent! but he is almost a stranger in the city, and has neither friends nor money—and because circumstances conspire against him, they will sacrifice his life; when if he had only one friend who would make exertions in his behalf, his innocence might perhaps be proved. My brother George, you know, is now in South Carolina, attending a law suit about the fortune which our good old aunt ————willed to me—but which is claimed by other heirs. He had left New Orleans the day before Beauchamp's arrest. I thought he was Beauchamp's friend. I thought he was generous, disinterested—but I have found him cold and calculating, like the rest of the world!—and for money!—worthless, detested money!—he will suffer his friend to perish!'

'But my dear cousin, be more explicit. What has George done, that you call him cold and calculating? I always thought him generous, and noble, and disinterested, beyond the rest of mankind.'

'After Beauchamp's arrest I wrote to my brother, and entreated him in the strongest terms to sacrifice, if it was necessary, the contested fortune, and hasten to the assistance of his friend. You know he is a lawyer, and eloquent too; and might save him if he would; but he suffers him to perish!'

'But you judge too harshly of your brother; he may yet return before the trial.'

'No: I have done hoping; he must have had my letter more than two weeks, and he is still absent, though you know it is but a few days' journey to ———. And next week, only next week, the trial comes on.'

'But why are you so deeply interested in the fate of this Beauchamp, this suspected murderer?'

'Because, Mrs. Durand, (for it was Julia Durand to whom she spoke,) I believe him to be innocent, and I have not yet lost all feeling, all sense of right.'

'I do not blame your enthusiasm,' said Julia, whose countenance, during the conversation, had gradually grown pale, though she had endeavored to suppress all emotion, 'I too believe him innocent. But Maria, do you know my husband is the principal witness against him?'

They were interrupted by the entrance of a young volatile girl, richly dressed, and profusely ornamented, who exclaimed, 'come, Maria, not yet dressed for the party! we shall be too late. Mrs. Durand, do pray hurry this lazy girl!—and without waiting for a reply, she left the room.

'My cousin,' said Maria, 'do not, I entreat you, say any thing to that girl of what I have told you. I have already endured enough of her heartless raillery.'

'No, I will not. But you must prepare for this party.'

'Pray excuse me, I cannot attend it: parties to me are unendurable.'

'I understand you, Maria, you love James Beauchamp!'

'No: not love him. I am his friend. At any rate, I ought not to love him, for he never wooed my love; and yet—shall I confess it? I feel that my very existence depends entirely on his fate.' And she leant her head on Julia's bosom, and sobbed violently. 'And now you will not drag me to this party, dear cousin, you will not.'

Julia, with a desperate effort, conquered her own emotion, while she endeavored to console the anguish of her young friend.

'If you can conquer your feelings, so as to appear composed, I think you had better go to the party,' she said, after the violence of Maria's anguish had subsided; 'you acknowledge that you dread the raillery of this thoughtless cousin of ours, do not, by yielding to your feelings, increase her suspicions.'

'But I have formed a wild, a foolish plan I suppose—I will tell you all, however. To-night I have determined to visit Beauchamp. I am resolved, do not try to dissuade me.'

'But you must not, indeed Maria you must not go! It can be of no possible use, and it may be your ruin!'

'Nothing, Mrs. Durand, but physical force can prevent my going.'

'Then I shall feel it my duty to inform our uncle of your determination, who will, no doubt detain you.'

'Yes, he will detain me. I hate him! I perfectly hate him! he has no more feeling than that table! And so you will really betray my confidence!'

'Not willingly, Maria, only at the imperative dictate of conscience. But come, my inexperienced cousin, our feelings must be controlled. It is often absolutely necessary that we appear happy, while we are very miserable! I (though you may be surprised at the assertion,) am perhaps at this very moment far more unhappy than you are.'

Maria looked at her with surprise.

'Yes, I see you think it impossible,' she continued, 'but it is nevertheless very true. I say this in confidence, Maria. I am miserable—miserable beyond description. But I can still smile, I can make the world believe I am happy. I would not, indeed, steep your pure unsophisticated heart in guile—I would not make you a consummate hypocrite, as I am; it would be wrong, very wrong; but for this once, if you would avoid being laughed at as a weak, love-sick girl, it is absolutely necessary, if you cannot conquer, that you should conceal your feelings.'

'I am convinced. You have succeeded. I will go to this party, and will laugh, and dance, and sing! while he is writhing in untended—unmitigated anguish: dying alone on the cold floor of his dungeon!' And rushing from Mrs. Durand, she hastened to her chamber, dressed herself in her gayest attire, put on ornaments to hide an aching heart, and clothed her face in smiles.

And that night she did indeed dance, and sing, and laugh, but the most casual observer might have read, through this flimsy mask of gaiety, the anguish of a heart steeped in misery. The party was over.

'Did I not do my part well to-night, Mrs. Durand,' said Maria, in a bitter tone, as she hastily threw down the ornaments she had worn.

'No, Maria, it was all over done. Your gaiety was perfectly fearful; but this is a cruel subject; we will not talk any more about it. May heaven protect and make you holy!' she added, as she kissed her cold cheek, and they parted for the night.

We left George Gilbert in Beauchamp's prison. When the jailor came to release him from his voluntary imprisonment, he begged and obtained permission to spend the night with his friend, and at his earnest entreaties a physician was called.

The prisoner continued delirious all night, and Gilbert left him the next morning, after having procured for him an attendant.

'You are a generous girl, sister,' said

Gilbert to Maria, the next day, after they had been sitting together in almost total silence for half an hour; 'you have sacrificed quite a splendid fortune, which my presence at—— might probably have secured to you, and I fear to very little purpose.'

'Is there then no hope for Beauchamp?'

'Very little—there is proof strong as death, against him!'

'And you believe him guilty?'

'No: I have entire confidence in his innocence; but it cannot be demonstrated.'

'O, brother, you will, you must save him!—Your exertions, your eloquence—'

'Will all be in vain, sister, even if he lives till the day of trial; but I think he will not; he is very ill, perhaps dying.'

Maria made no reply, but with a face pale as death, immediately left the room. Gilbert was indefatigable in his efforts for the prisoner. He procured the postponement of the trial, to enable him to procure witnesses, and spent every leisure moment in preparing a spirited and eloquent defence. He also continued to visit the prisoner as often as the jailor would permit. Several weeks had worn away. James Beauchamp was sitting in one corner of his cell—his head leaned against the damp wall. It was the first time since his illness that he had been able to think coherently; and bitter, overwhelming were the thoughts that rushed impetuously through his mind. The burning and delirious heat of the fever had abated, and he realized fully, calmly, and coolly, his situation. The door of his cell was opened, and the pale image of Lucy Beauchamp stood before him! He started as if he had seen a spectre, and then made a wild effort to spring to her embrace! But the galling chains detained him! The next instant her arms were around his neck—her tears bathing his bosom! He strained her to his heart with one wild, convulsive effort, and then sank back overwhelmed and fainting.

The attendant Gilbert had procured for the prisoner, had just left him to procure some rest and refreshment.

The door had been already fastened, and Lucy, was alone with her apparently lifeless brother. She raised his head from the cold floor, and placed it on her lap. She had no restoratives, and her efforts to revive him were all fruitless. He will die—she whispered to herself, as she put back the dark hair from his forehead, and gazed on his ghastly, emaciated face; and then as she bent her cheek to the pale brow, its freezing chill went to her heart, and told her he was already dead! The fountain of tears, which suspense had frozen, was again unsealed, she wept long and bitterly, and then her tears were dried, and she sat, calm, motionless, and apparently unconscious as the senseless clay before her.

The physician and Gilbert entered the dungeon. Lucy, pale as a sheeted corpse, moved not, spoke not, until they approached and knelt down by the lifeless form, still resting on her lap. And then looking up into Gilbert's face, she said, in a voice awfully calm, 'he is dead!' There was a deep despair in those mild blue eyes, that went to his heart, and he wept.

'Nay, do not weep,' she said, 'it is wrong to weep because his generous and noble spirit has ceased to suffer.'

'Yes, his was indeed a generous and noble spirit,' replied the young lawyer. 'If you was his sister, he loved you well. His own fate was forgotten in his anxiety for you.'

'O, my brother, my only brother, sobbed Lucy, as burning tears choked her utterance.

Gilbert raised the already stiffening form of his young friend, while the physician felt his pulse, and laid his hand to his heart.

'O, if there is any hope,' exclaimed Lucy, eagerly, (and the slight painful flush that came over her features, showed that one agonizing remnant of hope had been re-kindled in her heart,)—and yet why do I wish it? has he not already endured his full share of suffering? This awful change in his countenance tells that in a few weeks he has endured years, ages of common agony? O, if my own spirit would go with his!

A half hour of agonizing suspense! and Beauchamp murmured, as he opened his eyes, 'a blessed—blessed dream—how like reality. My sister—my poor sister—how like her former self—only paler,' for he did not perceive that his head was even then pillowed on Lucy's bosom.

'It is no dream,' said Gilbert, 'your sister—your Lucy is indeed here.'

The prisoner turned his eyes, and met her deep living gaze. He flung his wasted arms around her neck and wept. It was the first time since his imprisonment. Their kind friends withdrew, and left them to mingle unobserved their burning tears.

We cannot stay to tell how time passed—how Lucy voluntarily shared her brother's dungeon—how like a heavenly spirit she ministered to his wants—and whispered consolation to his sick heart—how at midnight's still and awful hour, she would kneel at his side, and watch his troubled sleep, and pray only for him, while her own brow was every day growing more and more deadly pale.

Gilbert still continued to visit his friend as often as he could gain admittance to his prison; and when he looked on the young girl, sacrificing health and life, and enduring all the untold horrors of a loathsome dungeon, for a brother's sake—he felt a new and powerful motive to exertion in a brother's cause. Did the wild dreams of love mingle with his devoted friendship? Was that dun-

geon, that scene of all agonizing emotions, a spot for earthly love? True love is a pure and holy principle. It needs not prosperity for its aliment, but can live even on anguish.

Lucy Beauchamp was not what the world terms a beautiful girl. There was nothing striking in her pale cheeks, light brown hair, and blue eyes. When seen under ordinary circumstances, she attracted but little attention from the casual observer. Yet there was intellectual beauty in the pensive expression of her features, something which always charmed her intimate acquaintance. Naturally timid and retiring, there were few who had ever read her character aright. She had generally been regarded as a gentle and amiable girl—but the strength of her mind, the richness of her talents, and the deep devotedness of her heart, was left for circumstances to develop.

Her beauty, either of mind or person, was entirely different from the style Gilbert had always been accustomed to admire. He had always been devoted to the brilliant in attractions; and dark hair, flashing eyes, and burning cheeks, were associated with ready wit, fluency of conversation, and impetuosity of feeling, in his beau ideal of her he would love. Had he met the bashful Lucy in a fashionable assembly instead of a brother's prison, he would probably never have thought of her twice. But witnessing, as he did daily, her fortitude, her self-sacrificing spirit, he thought of her as a being superior to her sex. Lucy regarded him as her brother's only friend—as such she loved him. Maria Gilbert, soon after her brother's return to the city, had by his advice left New Orleans, and was now in the bosom of her own undisturbed home on the green banks of the Illinois.

George and Maria had been reared in poverty and obscurity. George had early left the paternal roof in search of wealth and distinction, and was now pursuing a successful course as an advocate in New Orleans. Lucy had only visited that city a few weeks previous to her introduction to the reader. Her rich uncle and aunt, who resided there, had called at her father's cottage, while on a tour of pleasures to the north, and charmed by Maria's brilliant appearance, had persuaded her parents to allow her to return with them. This visit, her brother, though fond of his sister's society, had always disapproved. And Maria, weary of society, compelled to smile while her heart was breaking, and despairing entirely of being permitted to see Beauchamp, was glad when he proposed her return to the country.

CHAPTER VI.

'Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale,
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale!
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems,
As I have met her in my dreams.'

'And death himself, with all the woes
That hasten, yet prolong his stroke!
Death brings with every pang repose—
With every sigh he solves a yoke.
Yea! his cold sweats and morning strife,
Wring out the bitterness of life.'

The day of trial came. James was still ill, and though he had nerved himself for the occasion, he found when his chains were taken off, that he was utterly unable to walk. He looked with a thrill of joy on the old familiar face of nature, as he was carried from his prison to the court-house. It looked to him pleasant, though dark clouds had overspread the sky, and a gloomy, drizzling rain, was falling thick and silently to the earth. He sat in the court-house. His frame was emaciated almost to a mere skeleton; and the fever had left his cheeks sunken and deadly pale. Yet there was an all-pervading energy of mind, a sanctifying influence on that countenance, ghastly as it was. He raised his head from the table, where from mere exhaustion he had bent it on his first entrance, and gazed slowly and calmly around the room. In that gaze he met the fond look of many of his former acquaintance. Among the group of witnesses he recognized his old friends, Judge Mansfield and his wife. Durand was also there—there to testify against him! and by his side was Julia. A deadly paleness simultaneously overspread the countenances of Durand and his beautiful wife, as they encountered the earnest gaze of Beauchamp, on whose cheek one bright red spot gradually kindled, till it burned deep and painfully. He turned away: his eyes rested for a moment on the form of his sister, whose face was hidden from the view of all, but whose slender and beautiful hand, as it hung listless by her side, trembled perceptibly, and was white as purest snow. From her his look wandered, and sought out among the crowd his young and ardent friend, on whose eloquence that day his fate seemed to depend. Gilbert's eyes were unusually brilliant, his cheeks deeply flushed, his manner restless and impatient.

The trial went on, the cold forms of a court of law were gone through with. Francis Durand was called to the witness stand. The prisoner suddenly raised his head, (for fatigue had compelled him again to rest it on the table,) and continued gazing earnestly at the witness during the whole of his testimony. Durand stated in a very cool and collected manner, that about eleven o'clock on the night of —, he was sitting by the window, in his bed room in the — hotel. That he observed two men meet and accost each other in the street, just opposite where he was sitting. One of the men he recognised as George Pennfield, Esq. The other he believed was James Beauchamp. Some words which witness did not understand, passed between them in a low, compressed and angry

tone—after which Beauchamp drew a dirk and stabbed Pennfield in the breast who immediately fell. That he (witness) had then given the alarm, and rushed to the street; that the doors of the hotel being fastened, the murderer had fled ere he succeeded in getting out.

He found Pennfield quite dead, and several persons, whom his cries had aroused, standing by his side.

The watchmen swore that they had discovered the scene immediately on being aroused by the cry of murder; that the murderer, when discovered by them, appeared to be extracting something from the pocket of the murdered man; that he fled, and they pursued and soon overtook the prisoner, whom, from his dress and size, they believed to be the same they had seen standing over the body of the murdered man; that at the time they had come up with him, he was not running, but walking calmly along; that he had manifested the greatest horror and surprise, asserting his innocence in the strongest terms, on being taken into custody.

Two very peculiar pieces of money, found about the prisoner's person, were identified, as having been seen in Pennfield's possession, the day before his death.

As the prisoner sat there, erect, pale, his dark locks thrown back from his remarkably high forehead, and his eyes unnaturally brilliant, fixed immovably on the witnesses, he seemed less a being of this world, than a departed spirit come back to confront his accusers.

Judge Mansfield was the first witness examined for the prisoner, and irrepressible tears rolled down his manly cheeks, as he spoke in high terms of his former irreproachable character.

Julia Durand confirmed all he had said, while the deep paleness of her countenance bore witness to her own feelings.

Several of Beauchamp's most intimate acquaintances in New Orleans testified to the rectitude of his conduct since he had been in that city; and here the evidence was closed. There was scarcely a chance for any defence. Gilbert, however, was sanguine; and he made a bold, spirited, and eloquent appeal to the jury. He exerted all the powers of a strong mind, and a vivid fancy, aided by all the best, strongest, and purest feelings of an unsophisticated heart.

In a cold, business-like manner the Judge charged the jury.

They retired; and after an hour of awful suspense, returned and announced that their decision was made. There was a breathless pause among the audience. The prisoner was sitting by the table; his elbow rested on that, and his cheek pressed upon his hand. There was no perceptible change in his

countenance, as the awful—guilty—sounded through the hall! He stirred not, but sat as if changed to marble.

Lucy fainted, and was borne from the court-house. The prisoner gazed vacantly at her as she was carried away.

The Judge rose to pronounce sentence of death.

At that instant a youth, who had been observed as deeply interested in the trial, came forward from among the crowd, and requested to be heard. He was about the size of the prisoner, and his person, it was thought at the time, bore a strong resemblance to his. But conscious guilt had wrought even greater ruin than sickness and imprisonment. His form, which seemed to have been cast in nature's noblest mould, was wasted to a perfect skeleton; his countenance was of a livid paleness, and in the centre of each sunken cheek consumption had placed its unerring token.

He confessed himself the murderer of Pennfield; said that ever since the fatal night, life had been to him but prolonged torture; and to lengthen it a few days or weeks, he would not sacrifice an innocent and worthy man; that his soul was already stained deep enough with murder.

It appeared that he was a mere youth of nineteen; had been in New Orleans but a few months; had a widowed mother and an only sister in —; though poor, had been respectably educated; that, on coming to New Orleans, he had become acquainted with the family of Pennfield; had loved deeply the only sister of the murdered man, and his affection had been all returned by the innocent, confiding girl. Her brother had always opposed strongly her attachment to him.

A few nights before the murder, that brother had won from him, at the card-table, his last dollar.

Pennfield had spoken tauntingly, contemptuously to him, on that fatal night, when he had met him in the street, and absolutely forbid all intercourse with his sister. This the fiery spirit of the spoiled boy could not endure, and in a moment of wild excitement he plunged a dagger to his heart.

'It is useless,' he continued, 'to speak of what I felt, soon as the deed was done. Reckless and insane I wandered I knew not where. The next morning I went to see Sarah. I knew it must be the last visit, but I went, and I told her all! She was before involved in the deepest grief for the death of her brother; but never—through the endless ages of eternity!—shall I forget the look with which she listened to my confession. She banished me, as I had expected, for ever from her presence; but entreated me to fly, to save myself. I did go. I had been talk-

ing of leaving the city, and my departure excited no suspicion.

'But I could not stay. I read in the papers an account of Beauchamp's arrest, and conscience goaded me effectually. I returned to this city one week ago. The next day I gazed on the lifeless features of Sarah Pennfield. I saw her laid by her brother's side! I had murdered both!

'To-day I have heard one, I know to be innocent, pronounced guilty of the murder I committed; and though life to me is now valueless, I might—(so hard is it to confess myself a murderer)—I might, had it not been for the eloquence of that young gentleman, pointing to Gilbert, 'permitted him to die!'

'As I said before, my life is valueless. True, I too have a sister, who loves me as well, perhaps, as Pennfield's did him—as well as the devoted girl, just carried from this room, loves her brother. And—I have a mother! O God!—But I can be nothing now to them but a blighting curse! Let me die! I would not live!' He paused.

It would be vain to describe the astonishment produced by this speech;—vain to describe the appearance of the prisoner—or of the misguided youth who was speaking—or of Lucy Beauchamp, when she was told that her brother was proved innocent—or the feelings of Gilbert, who was the first to communicate to her the welcome news, as she recovered from the long, death-like swoon into which she had fallen—or the meeting of Beauchamp with his sister.

We will leave them all, and briefly narrate what remains to be told concerning the ill-fated, guilty, but noble boy, in whose fate I think my readers must be interested. For reasons, which must occur to every generous mind, he was pardoned by the governor; and his last pangs were mitigated by the presence of his sister and mother. He had been a petted and—idolized child! He died—a broken-hearted penitent! and they thought of him with hope.

CHAPTER VII.

'And from her soft blue eye,
The spirit of each new-born thought looked out
In undisguised expression, and diffused
Over her face its own pure loveliness!'

It was the close of a glorious summer. Old Mr. Gilbert's small white house, on the banks of the Illinois, embosomed in a rich profusion of living green, adorned by flowers of deep luxury, and canopied by a sky of sunny and gorgeous hues, had been that summer the abode of as happy a party as ever gathered around a cottage-door, on a summer's evening.

Young Gilbert, Beauchamp, and his sister, had spent several months there. James's health, which had been seriously impaired by severe suffering, was now so far restored as to admit of active exertion, for which the

state of his finances was calling loudly. And it was agreed that the party, on the morrow, should leave the undisturbed repose of the country for New Orleans.

The circle, at old Mr. Gilbert's, had certainly been a happy and interesting one. The old gentleman had been an officer in the army of the revolution; and the young people were as fond of listening to his long and minute stories of those ever interesting days, as he was of relating them; and among the listeners, none dwelt with more undivided attention on every word than Maria.

And then the long, long romantic walks, on the ocean-like prairie, and amid the masses of the never-ending forest. They gathered wild flowers, they listened to the music of morning's earliest birds, they traced the course of the wayward brook, they drank in the influence of nature together.

Maria had been happy, most happy, even while she had been nursing a hopeless passion. But to her it was not then hopeless. Sanguine in all her expectations, unused to the blandishments of polite society, unskilled in reading human hearts, and too conversant with novels and romances, she imagined, that the fondness which Beauchamp manifested for her society was love. Deluded girl!—He did indeed regard her as a beautiful and rather interesting, but withal a wayward and faulty child. And the attention with which he treated her was more the effect of gratitude and friendship for the brother, than a tribute to any qualities possessed by the sister. And had he even looked on her with more partiality, he would not have aspired to her hand, for she had now become an heiress. The law-suit, which Gilbert had so suddenly abandoned, he had very prudently entrusted to so good hands, that contrary to his and her most sanguine expectations, it had gone in her favor.

Beauchamp admired the firmness with which she bore her good fortune, and very justly considered it an indication of a strong mind. But sometimes he thought of what she would be, when experience should have corrected her faults, education refined her manners, and time matured her beauty. Had he known the sacrifice she had been willing to make for his sake, his feelings towards her might, perhaps, have been more ardent.

He never dreamed of the existence of that foolish passion which his slightest attention, his most unmeaning compliment was nursing. If he had, his manner towards her would have been cold. Willingly he would not have blighted one rose in her future path: little did he think he was strewing it with thorns! Little did he think, while he twined wild flowers amid her flowing tresses, and praised the fresh bloom of her young cheeks, how many bitter tears would be shed over

the memory of these careless actions, and idle words!—Little did he think, as he playfully kissed her forehead, while in all the artlessness and innocence of early childhood she clung around his neck, that he was mingling anguish in her cup of bliss!

And were Gilbert and Lucy all this time unmindful of each other's charms? O no, inquisitive reader. The young germs of affection, nourished at first in a dungeon, had expanded into full and beautiful bloom. The course of true love had for once flowed smoothly. And now they stood together before the marriage altar.

Lucy had never looked so beautiful before.—Her health, which anxiety and the horrors of a dungeon had impaired, was now perfectly renovated. A faint, retiring red was just perceptible on her cheeks; her soft eyes were redolent of bliss, and there was a devoted look of fond confidence in the most pensive smile that played around her beautiful lips.

Gilbert's appearance was a perfect and happy contrast to Lucy's. He was tall, his form manly and striking. His forehead was noble, and its clear, pure white was shaded by hair of the deepest black. His lips curled haughtily; but his eyes were the most striking of his features; it would have been difficult for the careless observer to have told their color, but their expression was never surpassed. Whether they kindled with anger, flashed with delight, or melted in tenderness, they were alike unrivaled. There was a remnant of boyhood's roses on his cheek, which, in moments of animation, would gradually change to a deep, burning red; yet his countenance was manly in the extreme, and had nothing of the round, smiling plumpness usually associated with red cheeks.

But though the personal appearance of that youthful pair was interesting, it was nobility of mind that shed an unearthly glory around them. They were indeed redeeming spirits among common minds.

Oh is it not exhilarating to turn from the utter selfishness of the great mass of mankind, their false and hollow friendship, their mockery of love, and gaze on generosity, devotedness, and undisguised truth?

CHAPTER VIII.

'Well—'tis a foolish hope
That beds itself in roses.'

Maria Gilbert was left to weep over the presumption of unfounded hopes—to lament vanished dreams. But she was a proud girl; her pride was lofty, as her affections were constant—and though in the depth of her young heart was buried anguish, yet hers were not the eyes to quench their fires in unavailing grief, nor hers the cheek to grow pale of unrequited love.

But she had soon other sorrows, than those of disappointed love, over which to grieve.

Her parents, ere the return of spring, were both laid in the same grave. Maria, for a long time, was involved in the deepest anguish. She had been a wayward, and sometimes a disobedient child, but she had loved her parents with a depth and fervency of feeling of which common minds never dreamed; and so now the bitterness of her regret was proportional to the intenseness of her love, and made a thousand times more bitter by every recollection of her former unkindness towards those who were now alike insensible to her love, and her repentance. There was, however, one consoling reflection; for, during the months of their illness, she had been to them a ministering angel. Yet her reflections were sufficiently bitter to steal the color for a while from those blooming cheeks, which nothing else could have paled.

Maria spent several years at a boarding school, and then went abroad in company with her brother and his angel wife. In Europe they resided several years during which they visited all its countries.

The beautiful orphan, and rich heiress, did not escape admiration and flattery. But she was no coquette: she treated all her admirers and suitors with the same cold, calm, hardly respectful, indifference.

[Concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Vision of Taric l'Akiba.

In a remote country of the East, where continual summer ever smiles on fruitful fields, dwelt the sage Taric l'Akiba. From infancy he had been nursed in the quiet vale where slept his fathers, and his maturer years knew not a yearning to roam among foreign scenes. Learned in all the philosophy of his time, and skilled in the sacred mysteries of the Eastern Magi, his mind knew neither weariness nor void in its ignorance of the alternate song and wail that ever arose among the inhabitants of the distant valleys. The uncultured plains that stretched around his humble home in amazing fertility, amply supplied his wants, while the hills produced luscious fruit sufficient to gratify the most pampered appetite. But amid all the beauties of which nature is so lavish in that voluptuous clime, the soul of Taric was discontented. The fountains of wisdom from which he had learnt indifference to his fellow men, had taught him contempt for their pursuits, and apathy to their pleasures,—*nothing was left on which he might bestow his affections*. He had regarded the progress of the friends of his youth—those who commenced life's pilgrimage with himself. Various were the paths they chose. Some had sought wealth through toil and danger, and in its fruition found

delight. Others had surrendered soul and sense to shapes of earth, beautiful as those that flit through the bowers of Paradise, and beguiled by their blandishments, the bright dream of life was passed without an awaking. But the wisdom of Akiba discovered to him that these were like the deceptive fruit that grows by the Dead Sea's basilisk wave. His days were spent in sighing for some object worthy the love of an exalted soul; and his nights in unavailing regret that knowledge should render cheerless the lives of its votaries.

Thus were the years of Taric fast hastening on, when at the close of a day, while reclining as was his wont, at the door of his tent, he became absorbed in meditating upon the woe that, Upas-like, threw its baneful shade over the sunlight of life. A repose, unlike that of mortal slumber, gradually stole over his senses, and the soul of the sage seemed invested with a new nature. Suddenly a form of more than earthly majesty burst upon his enraptured gaze. The locks of the stranger streamed in the air like the rays of the rising moon, and from his countenance beamed the light of all knowledge. A smile of ineffable sweetness played around his features, as in tones that melted on the ear like the sound of distant water to the desert traveler, he addressed the sage:—'Taric l'Akiba, thy prayers have been heard at the throne of Allah—the desire of thy life is granted. I am commissioned to reveal to thy dim gaze an object worthy a mortal's highest adoration, by him in whose hands are the keys of every truth—by one to whom are familiar the workings of nature in the recesses of the earth, and among the stars of heaven, of whose hidden and awful mysteries thy sages never dream. Follow, and thou shalt witness the consummation of thy wishes.' Prompted by a resistless impulse, he obeyed. In a moment they stood on a lofty eminence, around whose base lay stretched, in boundless space, the wonders of the universe. 'Behold,' said the guide. And the eyes of the sage fell upon a Persian landscape, the high hills of which towered with many a feathery lift into the purple light of early day, while the shades of night yet hung over its vales. But the misty curtain quickly rose into the upper space, and exposed to his gaze lake and vale, winding river and sinuous shore. The eye of Akiba had often looked on a scene like this unmoved, but by some mysterious sympathy he now saw it in its true light. The broad lines of sparkling water swelled beneath the wings of the breeze, and the valley, in many a mimic undulation, glittered with the hues of innumerable flowers. From these waving censers morning sent up her incense, as pure and sweet, after the lapse of storm and age as it rose at the hour of creation. The myrtle

bowers that hung round the mountain's brow like a golden cincture were replete with the songs of birds, and their varied tints shone through the leafy shade as a gleam from Paradise. Still higher, groves of palm trees tossed their broad arms in the gale, while from the festooning vine descended showers of purple fruit.

The circling hours flew on. It was high noon. Perfume and song had ceased to rise, for bird and flower slept beneath the triple light of an orient sun, and the infectious repose seemed stealing over the senses of Akiba. Anon soft showers descended from a clouded sky, and the rain god's spanning bow, rose in mid heaven. As the sage looked upon the glowing arch, he felt that art could never reach its dimmest tints, that nature's merest colors were incomparably beyond the most gorgeous dyes from the looms of Cashmere.

Rapidly, like the shifting pictures of a panorama, the scenes passed before the bewildered gaze of Taric. The last of those magic hours was before him.—The monarch of that day of beauty, had sunk into his western home, surrounded by the cloudy forms of air, like a crimson panoply. Then rose the moon to trace her path through the blue sky in lines of silver light, and the starry spheres wheeled through their vast orbits. The soul of the gazer was filled to faintness with unutterable perceptions of beauty. 'Behold, O Taric!' said the genius, 'in the Creator of these scenes, the being whom thou hast sought.

'Thy cold philosophy has taught thee to be thankful that the earth is abundant in pleasant fruits to nourish existence. Might not the comely grain bear its rich tribute without the flower? the summer rain descend without yon radiant bow? and the stars traverse their destined courses without rendering night glorious? Return—exhaust the fountains of thy love on Him who has not only satisfied the wants of his children, but in his infinite kindness has spread out so much of his transcendent glory to exalt and refine their souls:—He will yet deserve more.'

The sage awoke. He was yet reclining at the door of his tent, and no trace of his vision was visible. But Taric l'Akiba no longer sighed that there was nothing worthy his affections.

L. S. M. jr.

Southbridge, 1837.

From the Evangelical Magazine.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the language of the heart, the hidden emotion of the soul, its act of deep communion with its Maker. And who is there that has not prayed? There may be those who who condemn it, who jeer at it, but they should remember that it is not alone the

formal act of bending the knee and repeating a set form of words—but it is the high and holy desire, stealing from the bosom's inmost recesses and going up to 'the Father of our spirits.' Has such an one never known the time when all looked dark?—when the rainbow was gone and the flowers had faded? or when hopes were in the tomb, and around was a waste of blighted memories?—or when communion with his fellows seemed cut off, and he a banned and persecuted one?—or when the soul was desolate within, and the world looked cheerless without? And has he not prayed *then*? did there not rise from his heart-depths a breathing for something better and surer, aye, a breathing to God for light, peace and a blessing?

It is a solemn rite that has admission every where. By the couch of the new-born babe; and oh! what birth-herald so appropriate?—by the marriage-altar; and what better bridal gift than the Almighty's blessing?—by the bed of the dying; should we not hold communion once more in the language of *faith*, while the spirit yet lingers, with things, which, to that spirit are soon to be those of *sight*?—by the lowly bier; for who next may lie there?—and surely it is fitting to commune with the Creator when he has spoken so near us—in the morning's light; Father, praise, that light has come!—in the evening's shade; Father, thy blessing on our sleep!—on the pebbly strand when the chafed boat waits our departure; on the hearth of home when long years have brought us back—in the breathless hush before the fight; in the anthem's swelling peal of victory—where the battle booms over the surging deep; where peace rests on the silver waters—on the mountain's top, in the awful realm of snows; at the fountain's gush in a desert-land—wherever we go, whatever our lot, whatever the circumstance may be, when the weary spirit would rest and the stricken heart be glad—to prayer, to *prayer*!

Its aspirations are limited to no bounds, confined to no country—not alone to the stoled priest at the altar, and 'the great congregation' beneath the proud arches of the temple—but its incense wafts as purely from the lone shades of the forest and the humble cabin, as when its influence thrilled over the hearts of the thousand worshippers—not alone to the shrines of the free, and the blessed fanes of Christendom; the red Indian kneels by his wig-wam-door to talk with the Great Spirit, and who can say that 'the acceptable sacrifice' is not offered by the deluded one, even in the temples of Vishnu and Bramah?

Whatever ideas we may form of God from beholding the glory, wonder, and ever-varying beauty of the external world, we love to approach him as a *Father*, to pillow on his

bosom as a *Friend*. We know that 'the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet'—we know that he 'bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guideth Arcturus with his sons'—we know that 'he bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet'—that 'He speaks and it is done, he commandeth and it stands fast,' we acknowledge him, we trust with solemn awe, to be 'the King eternal, immortal, invisible,' 'the Judge of all the earth'—yet, when we bow down and veil the brow at his foot-stool, he speaks not through the storm and the cloud—his voice comes not in the swelling winds and the great thunder—for the pavilion of light is opened up—and 'the Comforter, has shed its holiness around—the earthquake has passed on, the whirlwind swept by, and 'a still small voice' breathes peace to the troubled soul, and an unseen hand wipes the tear from the weeping eye.

Is it not a consoling thought, then, amid the toil, and tumult, and sorrow of this hurrying world, when harshness and neglect have jarred the fine chords of the soul, when bright prospects have grown dim, and sere hopes are falling around us, and desolation and darkness are settling thickly upon our path—Is it not a consoling thought, that He who holdeth life, and chance and destiny—who setteth in play every spring of action—has permitted us to come to him, to pour into his paternal ear the sorrows that are ready to burst our hearts, and to implore the aid that shall 'keep our sinking spirits up?' We are told that He 'is Love'—are we afraid? There are no thronging servitors to keep us from the court of his presence, for 'He is not far from every one of us'—will we not come freely? We will; trusting Him in youth's spring-time, in manhood's hour of pride, and when our aged feet are tottering feebly down to that valley 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' E. H. C.

The Stream of Life.

THE following beautiful passage is from a sermon preached by Bishop Heber, to his parishioners a short time before his departure for India, in 1823.

'Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first, glides down a channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of the grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty.

'Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We

are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment. But our energy and our independence are both in vain.—The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; and we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves are beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants, and of our farther voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal!

A Child's Funeral.—It is the most touching of sights, the burial of a little creature, which shuts its eyes as soon as the glories of earth opens to its view, without having known the parents whose tearful eyes are gazing on it; which has been beloved without loving in return; whose tongue is silenced before it has spoken; whose features stiffen before they have smiled. These falling buds will yet find a stock on which they shall be grafted; these flowers which close in the light of morning will yet find some more genial haven to unfold them.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.—Never let the stream of passion move the tongue. Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, hoist the wrong gate—they let out passion instead of reason. The tongue then makes a good deal of noise, disturbs the quietude of neighbors, exhausts the person's strength, and almost always does a great deal of harm. The whirlwind has ceased, but where is the benefit?

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Victor, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$7.00; W. T. M. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; R. P. Russell, Mass. \$1.00; S. & M. West Sand Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. R. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Cranbrook, Mich. \$1.00; W. H. Westerlo, N. Y. \$1.00; C. J. Speedville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. J. L. South Lansing, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. B. Chicopee Factory, Mass. \$2.00; J. S. B. Charleston, S. C. \$1.00; C. R. Columbiaville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. G. Centerfield, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Shawangunk, N. Y. \$3.00; H. W. R. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Cornelius Yates, to Miss Jane Wescott, both of this city.

At Stockport, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Scovel, Mr. Alanson Somes, of Troy, to Miss Catharine L. Vosburg, of Ghent.

At Claverack, on the 18th ult. by Ambrose Root, Esq. Mr. George Glover, to Miss Rachel Miller, both of the same place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Sarah Jane, daughter of John and Rachel Lake, aged 9 months.

On the 29th ult. William, son of Richard and Rachel Hallenbeck, aged 1 year.

On the 4th inst. George Lean, in the 24th year of his age.

At Albany, on the 25th ult. William Waterman, son of Major Waterman, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 2d Oct. last, in the town of Copake, John Reynolds, Esq. in the 66th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

To a Brother on Parting.

FAREWELL my dear brother, farewell for a while,
Fond mem'ry full often my thoughts shall beguile;
Full oft will they turn to the days that are gone,
To the hours and the joys we together have known.

When you far away, far from past scenes may be,
Bestow a kind thought in your leisure on me;
Though I scarce am worthy a share of your love,
Yet think of me brother wherever you rove.

Yes, think of a long known, a far distant friend,
Whose thoughts with kind wishes for you ever blend;
Who wishes you peace and who gladly would share,
In all your enjoyments, and lighten each care.

And if you are prospered with comfort and peace,
Remember that I too rejoice in your bliss;
If cares shall perplex, and afflictions be thine,
Sorrows of thy heart find an answer in mine.

In the bright hour of morning, when nature shall reign
With smiles and with blushes, remember me there;
And when the sweet hour of reflection draws near,
The soft hour of eve, let my mem'ry be there.

If your heart swell with joy and with praises divine,
To Christ thy dear friend, thy dear Saviour and mine;
Or in humble devotion thy thoughts bend in prayer,
In these happy moments O may I still share.

Though here we no more may our friendship enjoy,
And in sweet, social converse our leisure employ;
Though this sad farewell be the last we shall know,
While time may be ours—while sojourners below.

O, may we, dear brother, be happy at last,
When life and its joys and its sorrows are past;
This hope shall relieve the sad thoughts, that now swell
My bosom with anguish, to give this farewell.

AMBROSE.

For the Rural Repository.

Sonnet to an Infant.

THAT little smiling cherub of content,
Now gaily sporting in thy mother's lap,
Smile on while yet nor sorrow nor mishap,
Affliction's dart has to thy bosom sent.
Indulge thy fond desires, on pleasure bent,
And let thy joyous hour of infancy,
Be spent in innocent and child-like glee;
For soon those sunny moments will be past,
And manhood's clouds thy sky will overcast.
Then cares unnumbered will thy mind oppress,
And oft thou'lt feel misfortune's rudest blast;
While no kind parent dear, will thee caress,
But, sailing lone on life's tumultuous sea,
Thou oft wilt, sorrowing turn, and sigh for infancy.

RURAL BARD.

From the New-York American.

The Wreck of the 'Home.'

ON Hudson's noble waters
A sea-bound vessel rides,
Of graceful mould, and seeming strength,
To rule and scorn the tides.
And crowds her sides are climbing—
Who could forbear to roam
In halls so gay—on keel so fleet
As thine, ill-fated 'Home?'

Sweet name! to tempt the wanderer
That seeks his native shore—
But few that part from land in thee
Shall ever find it more.

Beware her treacherous beauty
Tread not her brittle deck—
For in your bitterest hour of need
'Twill part, a faithless wreck.

Turn back! thou reckless parent—
Oh! will thy precious child
Sleep sweeter rocked in surges' arms,
Or hushed by sea-blasts wild?

Whither thou aged matron?
Is life so little dear—
Comes death not near enough to thee
That thou must seek him here?

Brave not the seas, ye brothers!
Can friendship baulk the main!
Be your love links of adamant,
The wave shall snap the chain.

Bright bud of opening beauty!
Sweet maid of gentle heart—
The pride—the solace of all friends—
Thou must not hence depart!—

The sunken rock will bruise thee,
The wintry waters chill;
Those lips will quaff the bitter brine—
O stay in safety, still.

Heaven has like thee too many,
To need another there;
And weedy earth, alas! too few
Such flowers as thou, to spare!

Ere sorrow's night can lower,
Young spirit, thou shalt flee—
Bright, sudden—as the star of eve
Drops, glittering, in the sea;

Frail bark! thou'rt doomed to curses
From many a widowed heart,
When thy rent ribs shall strew the shore—
Why wilt thou then depart!

She's off, like a restive courser!
And eager for the main,
With trampling wheels, and panting breath,
Bounds o'er the billowy plain.

Joy fills the home-bound traveler,
His treasures soon to greet—
Kind hearts, dear voices long unheard,
Bright smiles, and welcome sweet.

But hark—the winds are blowing
Their tempest tramp—and high
The driven billows heave and foam,
And storm clouds scour the sky.

A gale! a gale, young sea boat,
Would try thee, though of steel;
At every flap of saucy wave
She quivers to her keel.

A leak!—God give them courage;
This is no time to shrink;
Rouse, every man—even woman's hand
Must struggle or they sink.

In vain,—the gathering waters
Stream through her shattered frame—
Her plunging wheels are mired in brine—
Quenched is her vital flame.

Now spread all sail, good seamen—
Back, on the track ye've crossed—
Last hope—and drive her on the beach—
Speed—speed, or all is lost.

Fast flying toward the breakers,
Through darkness, gust, and rain,
She rushes boldly on—she strikes—
Her back is broke in twain.

Down in the boiling waters,
With screams and strife, they slide;
And, from the fragments, where they cling,
Drop, beaten by the tide.

Now comes the final struggle—
The yell, the gasp, the leap—
The weak, convulsive, clench the strong,
And drag them down the deep.

Hast failed to reach thy haven,
Bright maiden, homeward bound?
Ah no—yon starry shores can tell
Thy port—thy home is found.

Bruised, shivering, on the pebbles,
A few are flung alive;
And turn to hark, through winds, and waves,
If they alone survive.

But mid the roaring tempest,
No sounds upon them break,
Save the deep groan of failing strength,
And the sharp, gurgling shriek,

Howl—howl, ye struggling billows,
And drown that piteous moan—
Ye ne'er, in all your murderous course,
A fouler deed have done.

Memory.

WHEN memory paints with pencil true,
The scenes where youth delighted roved,
She throws o'er none so bright a hue
As robes the home of her I loved.

Each tree, each flower, that flourished there,
In former beauty seems to wave;
I seem to breathe my native air,
'Mid friends who're sleeping in the grave.

But soon these shades of joy depart,
And present sorrows start to view—
Memory, like Hope, still mocks the heart
With visions sweet—but fleeting too.

But Faith points out yon radiant heaven,
And bids the mourner not despair;
Whispering, 'afflictions are but given,
Like angel-wings to waft you there.'

Notice.

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